

JUNE

NO. 2

10¢

CRACK

COMICS



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



THE RED TORPEDO



ALIAS THE SPIDER



IN THIS ISSUE
THE
BLACK CONDOR
The Man Who Can Fly!
ALSO MOLLY THE MODEL
NED BRANT, MADAM
FATAL SLAP HAPPY
PAPPY LEE PRESTON
THE SPACE LEGION
WIZARD WELLS
AND MANY OTHERS
64 PAGES OF FULL COLOR

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

FELLOWS. HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And showed the other guys.



With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew what's sorrow,
Protected by Schwinn's Cyclelock
No one but friends could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in your town.



THIS IS IT!

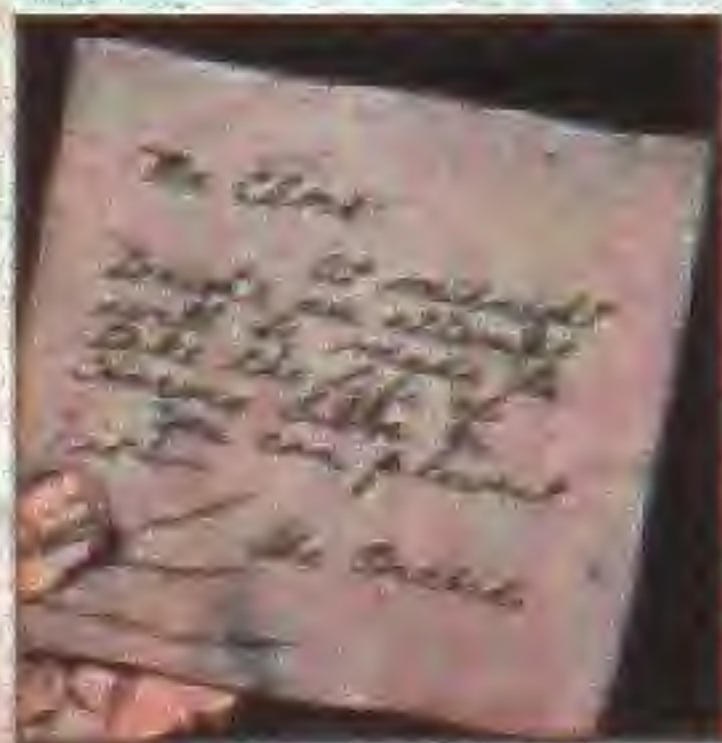
Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring this one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and show it to Dad! Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you should
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for free copy of this valu-
able booklet TODAY!

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON
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ILLUSTRATED **FREE** Booklet

SEND TO: ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,
678 N. LaSalle, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me one of the new illustrated FREE Booklet
and Schwinn-Built Bicycle Guaranteed Booklet.









PUG, LOOK FOR CLUES --

NOW, HOW DID YOU ESCAPE THEM, GIBBS?

AFTER I GOT THIS NOTE, I SO FIXED MY BED WITH THE AID OF PILLOWS, THAT IT APPEARED TO HOLD A SLEEPING PERSON --



-- THEN I WENT TO MY DEN TO GET A GUN -- WHILE I WAS GONE, I HEARD THE SHOT -- WHEN I DASHED BACK, NO ONE WAS HERE EXCEPT UNCLE SILAS -- OH -- EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN --



-- THIS IS SILAS GREER, MY GUARDIAN -- THAT IS, HE'S MY GUARDIAN UNTIL TOMORROW -- AND THEN I RECEIVE THE BULK OF DAD'S ESTATE -- SO I GUESS UNCLE SILAS'S WORK IS ENDED --



BUT, THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE WON'T REMAIN TOGETHER

I DIDN'T FIND A SINGLE CLUE, BOSS!

VERY WELL -- WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY --



PUG, WE'VE FOUND THE MOTIVE -- SOMEONE WANTS TO PREVENT GIBBS FROM GETTING THAT MONEY!

WHERE TO NOW, BOSS?



BACK TO THE DOCKS, AND LOOK FOR A PLACE WHERE WE CAN GET A DIVING OUTFIT -- I WANT TO EXAMINE THAT SUNKEN CAR --



LATER -- A DIVING SUIT IS RENTED AND NOW THE CLOCK IS READY TO DESCEND TO THE BIRD'S BOTTOM.



LOWER AWAY, PUG!



AH -- THERE IT IS!



HA -- AND WHAT'S THIS?



WELL, THAT'S ALL I CAN SEE -- I'LL SIGNAL PUG TO PULL ME UP!



FIND ANYTHING, BOSS?

ONLY THIS CARD --



D AND D GARAGE
127 WEST AVE., CITY
YOUR CAR WAS
COMPLETELY CHECKED
BY BOB MILLER



THAT CAR ADDRESS
IS OUR NEXT STOP,
PUG - LET'S GO -



HERE'S THE
PLACE -



PARDON ME, FELLOW - COULD
YOU TELL ME IF YOU
SERVICED AN ATLAS
MASTER 8. LICENSE
107391 LATELY -
AND WHO OWNS
IT?

WHO
ARE
YOU
GUYS -
COPS?



NO -
NOT
EXACTLY -

WHAT TH...?
THEN SCRAM
OUTA HERE
BEFORE I BLOW
YA APART!



AS THE MAN SPOKE, PUG
THROWS A CAN OF GASOLINE
AT HIM, AND WHEN THE FLAME
FROM THE GUN AND THE GAS
MEET -



EYOWW!



WILL YOU TALK
NOW, BUDDY - -
OR DO YOU
WANT MORE
MEDICINE?

N-NO -
DON'T - I'LL
TALK!



THAT ATLAS CAR IS
OWNED BY NICK PETERS -
HE LIVES AT 21 WOOD
STREET, THAT'S ALL I
KNOW, FELLAS -
HONEST!



TIE HIM UP, PUG - -
WE'RE GOING TO VISIT
MR. PETERS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE
CLOCK AND PUG ENTER
PETERS' APARTMENT

DON'T MOVE,
GENTLEMEN!

IT'S TH - -
THE CLOCK!



HOW'D YOU GUESS IT! - WHICH
ONE OF YOU IS
NICK PETERS?

I - I AM!



-B-BUT FIRST LET
ME PUT THESE
DROPS IN MY
EYES - I CAN'T
SEE VERY
WELL - -

NEVER
MIND THAT!
ANSWER HIS
QUESTIONS!



WHO'S THE
HEAD OF
THIS MOB?

I DON'T KNOW-
NOBODY KNOWS
HIM- HE WEARS
A HOOD AN--



WILL HE
BE HERE
TONIGHT?

NO- HE AINT
COMIN' BACK
ANYMORE
TONIGHT!



YES HE IS, NICK!! - AND
HE'LL RELIEVE THE CLOCK AND
HIS FRIENDS OF THEIR
GUNS- HA! HA!



PACK EVERYTHING
OF VALUE, BOYS/WIFE
GETTING OUT OF HERE-
AFTER I KILL THESE
TWO BIRDS OFF--



STAND JUST
AS YOU ARE--
EVERYONE!

THE
ORCHID!



IT'S ONLY A
DAME BOYS -
RUSH HER!

I'M
GETTING OUT
OF HERE!



CRACK



WHAM!



THIS GUY
IS THE LAST,
FUB!

YEAH- WHAT
A BUNCH OF
PUSHOVERS!



THANKS, ORCHID-
YOU SAVED OUR
LIVES!

NEVER
MIND THAT!
THERE'S
STILL WORK TO
BE DONE- TIE
THESE MEN
UP!



-- YOU KNOW, I MADE A
PROMISE TO MYSELF TO
FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE--
AND I'M GOING TO DO JUST
THAT WHEN
WE GET THESE
FELLOWS
TIED UP!



THERE! JUST
LIKE NICE
CHRISTMAS
PACKAGES!

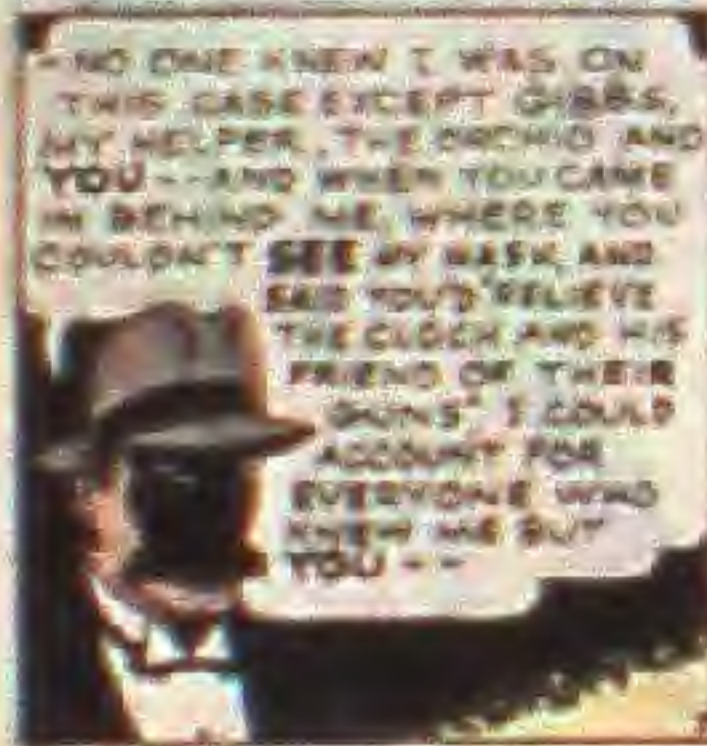
GOOD! I'LL
GO NOW--
HERE, CLOCK-
- CATCH!



TEN MINUTES LATER, AS THE CLOCK AND PUG REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...



A SHORT TIME LATER...



MOLLY MODEL

GOLDY MOLLY!
IT'S SMALL
TIME
ALONE!

SO SMALL
I'M AFRAID IT
WOULDN'T LAST
DANNY!



AND
THERE
WAS
HOLD
KIDS!

HERE
COMES
NIFTY!
GOLLY! HE
LOOKS
EXCITED!

I
KNEW
IT!



GLORIA
GLAMOUR—
WHO'S
SHE?

C'MON, DANNY, THERE'S
A BIG COCKTAIL PARTY AT THE
HOTEL RITMORE
FOR GLORIA
GLAMOUR!



THAT'S A BIG EUROPEAN MOVIE
STAR—THE NEWSPAPER BOYS
WANT SOME PICTURES OF
YOU AND HER—IT'LL BE
SHELL
PUBLICITY
FOR YOU—
C'MON!



BUT NIFTY, I DON'T LIKE MOVIE
STARS OR COCKTAILS—
BESIDES I HAVE A
DATE WITH
MOLLY!

MOLLY
DON'T
WIND
C'MON



GLORIA
GLAMOUR

MOVIE
STAR

COCKTAIL
PARTY



WHAT A SNAKE I AM—LETTING
NIFTY DRAG MY BOY FRIEND
OFF TO MEET AN IMPORTED
GOOSE-STEVED
YAMP!



WELL, I'M NOT LETTING ANY
FOREIGN
PHONEY
SWAG MY
MAN!



I KNEW IT—
THEY'RE
THROWING
HER AT
HIM!

NOW LET'S
HAVE A POSE
WITH HER
KISSING
HIM!

YEAH—
AND SITTING
ON HIS
LAP!



JUST LET
ME GET MY
HANDS ON THIS
ALIEN
MANTRAP!



OUTTA MY WAY—
I'M GOING THROUGH
HER LOOSE FROM
HER KICKS!



WHEW—
HEH?
ED—



OH, HULLO, MOLLY—LOOK!
THIS IS GLORIA GLAMOUR—
WASN'T SHE
CUTE?

MOLLY • MODEL



MOLLY & M-MODEL

WEST BIRMINGHAM TITUSVILLE—
BRIEF DELIVERY'S
TRAINING CAMP





NEW WAY TO
GET TO A SEAT.

OUR LATEST INVENTION
OF HOW TO OVERCOME OR GET
COUNSEL AT ANY TIME

...the ...

LOOK & LEARN

CHIEF: YOU
SAINT TO TELL
ME THIS LUNCH
COUNTER ANY
LONGER IS

I MUST
KEEP THE
POOR
GIRL ON
THE JOB
BUT HOW
TO

MISSY

ONLY
QUICK
LADY
PETRONS

SEE I GOT RID
OF ALL THE
CUSTOM-
ERS!

CHOCOLATE

HEY, FELLAS. I HAD A DATE
WITH JUST ONE GIRL - BUT
ANOTHER CAME ALSO.

THE BEYSER IS A
MINUTE LATE... THAT
AINT HAPPENED
IN FORTY YEARS!

BLAISE
ET C^{IE}
PARIS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THAT WAS A BOY
MAKING NAME
HISSELF—HE GOT
BETTY FOR HIS GIRL

WHILE ONE WADYKA
LUTHER, WARD...
NOT A SMALL TON
COULD HE AFFORD

BUT WITH TOYS
SPREAD ALL AROUND
ON THE FLOOR,
HE SPOKE IN RHYMES

WAS A SHAPLY LITTLE
YARDING MAID,
LOVED A DOLL WITH A
FACE LIKE LARD.

THE RED TORPEDO

WITH THIS NEW CRUISER,
WE ARE INVINCIBLE! NO
MODERN WEAPON CAN HARM
IT! NOR CAN
ANY SHIP
WITHSTAND ITS
ONS LAUGHT!

VICTORY
IS OURS!

By

ROY LARKIN

THE RED TORPEDO, A FORMER LIEUTENANT
OF THE US NAVY, CONSTRUCTED A NAVIGABLE
TORPEDO, MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY KNOWN
MARITIME WEAPON. DISGUISED IN A RED
MASK, HE GOES ABOUT THE DEEP ATTACKING
EVIL DOERS AND RIGHTING WRONGS.
A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE SEA.

IN THE CHANCELLERY OF A POWERFUL DICTION, A NEW BATTLESHIP
IS PLANNED EQUIPPED WITH THE LAST WORD IN ARMAMENTS.



ABSOLUTELY EXPLOSIVE POWER, IT DEFILES MINES AND TORPEDOS ALIKE,
AND LEAVES A TRAIL OF HUNDREDS OF WRECKS IN ITS WAKE.



I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME I
INVESTIGATED THIS NEW
RAIDER!

THE RED TORPEDO HEADS FOR NORTHERN WATERS

WHAT A DESTROYER IS
TO USELESS FOR
ME TO ATTACK
THAT SHIP BUT
I HAVE
A BETTER
PLAN!



THE RED TORPEDO
HEADS FOR THE
NORTHERN ICE CAP
WHERE HE CHARGES
INTO THE ICEBERGS,
BREAKING OFF HUGE
SEGMENTS.



SWIMMING THROUGH THEM HE CREATES
A FAST CURRENT, DRAWING THE ICEBERG
THE TARGET WHICH IS ICE-LOOKED AND
UNABLE TO MOVE.

THAT NIGHT THE RED TORPEDO STEALTHILY BOARDS THE NOW HELPLESS RAIDER.



KNOCKING A GUARD SENSELESS HE DONS HIS COAT AND PROCEEDS BOLDLY TO THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.



WE MUST WAIT FOR THIS ICE JAM TO BREAK UP! WE ARE SAFE HERE SINCE OUR ONLY VULNERABLE SPOT IS UNDER THE PRONK AND NO SUBMARINE CAN ATTACK US FROM DIRECTLY BELOW!



SO YOU DON'T THINK ANYONE CAN ATTACK YOU FROM DIRECTLY BELOW EH? JUST WAIT AND SEE!



DON'T SHOOT! TAKE HIM ALIVE FOR QUESTIONING!



LOOK! A SPY! AFTER HIM, MEN!





THE RAIDER CUTS CLEAR THROUGH, SINKS RAPIDLY. THE RED TORPEDO THEN DIVES INTO THE SEA AND IS ON HIS WAY.



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE





HE'S ALSO RAINED TWO MORE AND ONE MORE BALL WILL PUT THE NINTH INCH.



LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THE PLAYERS.



NEVER MIND THAT RED OLD BOY!



THE NINTH INCH IS A TIGHT SPOT - NO!



THE NINTH INCH IS A TIGHT SPOT - NO!



WHAT A SHACKLE! COME IN, EVERYBODY!



LOOKS LIKE BRANT IS A FLY AS A FLYER!

HE LOSE HIS CONTROL WITH MEN ON BASES!

THAT LAST CUDGET WAS UNDER THE HAT - NOT OFF BRANT!



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

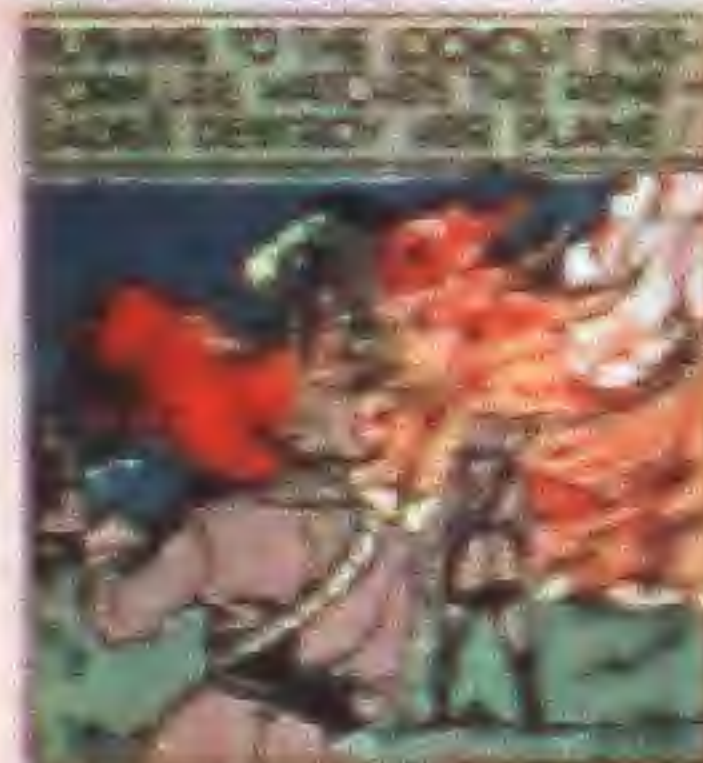


Lee Preston

OF THE RED CROSS

By Thomas M. Hardy







OFF THE RECORD By ED REED



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IT'S AWFUL, AND
PARTICULARLY SPARKY
WITH HIS CLOTHES

"BOTH? I MADE
IT AFTER ALL"

PO BOX 10000 GIVES
HARRIS COUNTY OF
KELLY DEPARTMENT 10000

IT JUST BLTTS THEM
UNDER THE CHAIR WHEN
THEY WISE ME TOO MUCH JOE

SPACE LEGION

THIS IS AN INTERPLANETARY NEWS FLASH. CALLING ROCK BRADDOCK OF THE SPACE LEGION. WADSWORTH EARTH-VENUS EXPEDITION IS REPORTED MISSING!



AND ABOARD A BIG SPACE PATROL SHIP

HEAR THAT ROCK? I YES. IT SOUNDS BAD!

WE'LL LAND THE SHIP AND RUSH TO HEADQUARTERS CURLY!

HURRY CAPTAIN BRADDOCK. IF THIS FLASH HAS REACHED YOU, PLEASE HURRY!

NO ONE COULD HAVE SET A SPACE SHIP DOWN ANY FASTER THAN WE JUST DID!

AND NOW...

AT SPACE LEGION HEADQUARTERS

CAPTAIN BRADDOCK SET YOUR SHIP READY FOR A FLIGHT TO VENUS! YOUR MISSION IS TO TRY TO LEARN THE FATE OF THE WADSWORTH EXPEDITION!

YES SIR

ROCK ROCKS CREW ARE PREPARING THE "MERCURY" FOR ITS DANGEROUS FLIGHT.

HURRY MEN! WE BLAST OFF AT DAWN!

DAWN...

IN THE MERCURY'S CONTROL ROOM

TAKE THE CONTROLS CURLY. I WANT TO GO AND INSPECT THE SHIP.

RIGHT!

WELL, I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE HIDING BEHIND THAT DOOR!

WELL, I BLAST ME FOR A SPACE RAT IF IT ISN'T A STOWAWAY!



UH, HELLO!
I'M SO, ER
SORRY
THAT I
HAD TO
STEAL
ABOARD
YOUR CRAFT



WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT IS YOUR
PURPOSE?

I-I'M
ELAINE
WADSWORTH



MY FATHER IS IN
DANGER. I MUST FIND
HIM! PLEASE DON'T
TAKE ME BACK!



ANYWAY, IT'S TOO LATE TO
TURN BACK NOW! BUT
REMEMBER, THIS IS NO
GAY, SIGHT-SEEING TRIP!



AFTER A LONG, HARD TRIP,
THE MERCURY HEARS THE
JUNGLE-LADEN PLANET OF
VENUS...



IMAGINE YOUR
FATHER LIVING
IN THIS AWFUL
STEAMING
INFERNO!

LOOK! A
CLEARING
HAS
APPEARED
IN THAT THICK
JUNGLE... AS IF
BY MAGIC!



THROUGH THE CLEARING,
THE MUZZLE OF A GIANT
RAY GUN TELLS SKYWARD...
AIMED AT THE
MERCURY!



CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF THE
MIGHTY RAY, THE ROCKET
SHIP IS PULLED DOWNWARD!



WE'RE CAUGHT IN A
WASHO-GRAVITY RAY!
SET SET FOR A
CRASH LANDING!



AND THE BIG CRAFT THUNDER-
BOMBS TO THE JUNGLE FLOOR.



CAREFUL! WHEN
I OPEN THIS
BE READY FOR
ANYTHING!



AS BRADDOCK BANGS OPEN
THE AIR-LOOK, HE FINDS
THAT THE PATROL SHIP IS
SURROUNDED BY SOLDIERS
OF VENUS!







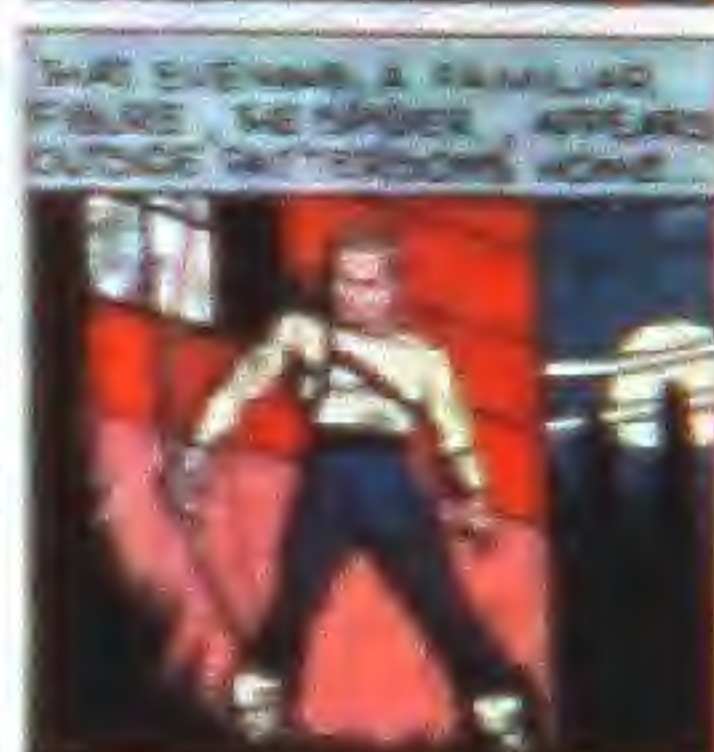
SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

HES A HILL-BILLY BALL OF FIRE!





Alias the TRIPPER











JANE ARDEN

WORK AFTER THE WAR AND BABY NESTING JANE SPEAKS TO JIM PORTER, THE PRIMA

THANK TO KNOW HIM

JANE WHEN HE HALL THE MURDERER YOU MUST GET HIM SINCE YOU SAW HIM ON THAT TRAIL

WE THINK WE'LL TRY TO GET THE PLANS OUT OF THE COUNTRY ABOARD SHIP

WELL I DO

A GUY IS CALLED AT SIX IN THE MORNING I WANT YOU TO BE ABOARD

THE GOOD TO BE HOME BRUNN-BEE THIS ROOM HERE DAD

STAY BRUNN-BEE THERE DON'T MOVE ON

WHY YOU'RE THE WOMAN WITH THE BATH THAT HELD OFF THE TRAIN BUT

YOU SWITCHED BARS DON'T YOU

BUT I TRIED TO CATCH YOU WHEN I DID PROVE IT

OKAY IF THAT'S TRUE YOU CAN BE A MAN NOW AND YOU'VE

YOU OF COURSE

YOU DON'T

SO

LENA—BY THE WAY SOME CLOTHES HADEN BURY THE DRESS I HAD FROM THAT DANCE

I'LL GIVE YOU THESE DRESS IF I PROMISE TO DO THE WORK

THE FLOWERS—MILK—LAV—OTHER CHORES

ANY TALK IT EASY

HEY US WOMEN WILL DO CHORES NO LONGER

WELL YOU GALS AIN'T GONNA WEAR THE PANTS LIKE YOU THINK

LET ME TELL YOU I'LL BE THERE WHEN YOU ARE

YOU'VE GOT TO WORK

WELL IT'S A SQUARK

LOOKY I'LL BE THERE ONE NOW

JANE ARDEN'S SPORTS WARDROBE FOR MEN



JANE ARDEN

THE CROOK
HUNG A GUN
ON THE WALL
AFTER HE
HAD SHOT
HER.

LUCKY
TRAILED YOU
WHO IS THIS
GAL?

DON'T
REALLY
KNOW

IN 1912 I WAS
A GUNNIN' GUY
AND I WAS
OUTTA HERE

I TELL YOU
I NEVER SAW
HER BEFORE

HERE'S
A TALK
WANT TO TALK
TO YOU ALICE
BURKE?

OKAY
FELIX
I'LL GO
WITH YOU

WANT
TO TALK
TO YOU
ALICE
BURKE?

OK NO FELIX
I'M SORRY—
BUT YOU
WONT DO
THAT?

OKAY
FELIX
I'LL GO
WITH YOU

BUT
KNOW ABOUT
A CERTAIN
BIL
HUNTER ON A
TRAIN AND
YOU

YES! BUT YOU WERE
BEEN LEAVING THIS
LORD HALL'S
WIFE

AND YOU ARE
THE MAN THE
COPS ARE AFTER

OKAY I WAS
IN IT
ONCE
I'M NOT
DOING IT
AGAIN

OKAY
FELIX
I'LL GO
WITH YOU

YOU'LL
BE SAFE
IN THERE
FOR NOW
FELIX
THAT'S IF
THE LAW
DOESN'T
SET YOU
EYE-TO-EYE

HURRY POLICE—
DON'T BE
LATE FOR
THE HANGING
BEE!

WELL
HAVE
A SPILL
THEY SAY

AN SEE THE MEN
WANT TO BE
KIDNAPED BY THE
LIVES UP BY THE
CREEK

DON'T FORGET—IF A
MAN GETS AN EAR
ON AND KIDNAPED
HE KIDNAPED THE GAL
NEXT TO HIM

WELL SEE
IT'S A CUSTOM
GUESS IT'S
OKAY

LOOK
LOOK
LOOK
LOOK

DO I WANT
THIS LUCKY
EAR?

DO I
WANT
THIS
Lucky
Ear?

DO I
WANT
THIS
Lucky
Ear?

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About that Fourth Inning at Philadelphia in 1925.

Gray, the Athletics pitcher, blows the ball in and Meusel of the Yanks calls it a terrific smash for a home run.



The unforgettable Babe Ruth, next man up, lays that big club of his to the horsehide and the ball whistles out of the park for another four base clout!



Larning Low Gehrig follows Ruth to the plate. Columbia Lew has lifted a few over the wall himself, but the odds are plenty to one he won't do it now.



But Gehrig picks out one for his thing and whistles it a mile for the third successive home run!



Not three men in a tub, ladies and gentlemen, but three mighty men of mail, Meusel, Ruth and Gehrig, reading from left to right, it happened Sept. 12, 1925.

Order your copy of the July issue of CRACK COMICS at your regular newsstand now

MADAM FATAL

Don Payne



HIM... HERE'S AN INTERESTING HEADLINE, HANLEY... LISTEN--

AWH... LET'S HAVE IT--

AT THE HOME OF RICHARD STANTON, A WEALTHY RETIRED ACTOR AND FAMOUS FEMALE IMPERSONATOR...

PROFESSOR DISCOVERS NEW DESTRUCTIVE CHEMICAL... MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY KNOWN EXPLOSIVE... PROFESSOR LANE ANNOUNCES...

THAT'S GOOD NEWS FOR FOREIGN SPY-- THEY'LL BE AFTER THE PROFESSOR FROM NOW ON... GUESS I'LL GO OUT FOR A WALK!



AND NOW-- AS MADAM FATAL, YOU ARE READY FOR YOUR WALK!!



WITH MAKEUP AND A FEW DEFT TOUCHES, STANTON'S APPEARANCE CHANGED TO THAT OF AN OLD LADY.

HERE COMES POLICE SERGEANT O'NALLEY--AND HE'S ACTUALLY SMILING... SOMETHING'S UP!!



MORNING, SERGEANT-- YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'D BEEN PROMOTED!

NOT YET, MADAM FATAL-- BUT IT WON'T BE LONG NOW... THIS IS A SECRET, BUT LISTEN--



-TOMORROW COLONEL JEFFREY OF THE U.S. ARMY IS CALLING ON PROFESSOR LANE TO GET THE DETAILS OF HIS NEW CHEMICAL... AND I'M TO BE ON HAND AS THEIR ONLY BODYGUARD-- NOT BAD, EH?--

WELL--I GOTTA GO!



AS O'NALLEY LEAVES, THREE MEN STEP OUT FROM AN ALLEY--

QUICK, LADY-- STEP OVER HERE!!



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOU'LL SEE!! MIKE--RUN AND TELL TH' BOSS WHAT WE JUST HEARD!

OHAY!



BESIDES O'NALLEY, JUST YOU AND US KNOW LANE'S GOIN' TO MEET JEFFREY TOMORROW-- JUST SO YOU WON'T RUIN OUR PLAN, YOU'RE GOIN' FOR A RIDE!!





THE NEXT DAY... AT PROFESSOR LANE'S MANSION, SERGEANT O'MALLEY AND THE PROTECTOR ASKED COLONEL JEFFREY'S APPROVAL.







SO THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME, EH? IF I CAN JUST FIND ENOUGH TIME TO CHANGE BACK TO RICHARD STANTON...



BUT BEFORE NADAR CAN REMOVE HER NIG...

HANDS UP, NADAR! FIDELL! HAH - THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT!!



NOW - GIVE ME BACK THOSE PAPERS AND TEST TUBE!!

BAIT - LISTEN, SERGEANT - YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED...



...THAT MAN IS NOT COLONEL JEFFREY!!



W-WHAT?? ER... SPEAK UP - YOU'RE COLONEL JEFFREY, AREN'T YOU??



UGH!

NO, FATHER - I'M NOT! TAKE THAT!!



GET UP, COPPER - HAH... WHAT A FOOL YOU'VE BEEN!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW - I'M A FOREIGN SPY... MY MEN KIDNAPPED THE REAL COLONEL ON HIS WAY TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE...



I DISGUISED MYSELF AS THE COLONEL AND WENT TO MEET THE PROFESSOR INSTEAD...



HMM - A TIGHT SPOT IF I EVER SAW ONE...

AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THIS OLD FOOL, I'D BE SAFELY OUT OF THE COUNTRY BY NOW - WITH THE PAPERS!!



DOOM SYNDICATE

By LARRY SPAHN

"Well, wonder if they'll strike again tonight?"

Hjalmar Nilsson, owner of the Blue Star shipping line, regarded Capt. Julian Bland with an appreciative nodder to his forehead. "It's their kind of night."

"Aye," replied Capt. Bland. "It is that, an' they've been better off'n these last few weeks."

Beyond the office walls, the two men could hear the thunderous sound of giant waves over the lonely Labrador coast. In effect they could hear the grinding crash of lumber ships piling up on the rocks . . .

A terrible enemy had descended upon Labrador shipping. Known as the "Doom Syndicate," a gang of cutthroat crooks were working the entire coast, wrecking scores of ships, stealing valuable cargoes and killing many seamen.

"What's got 'em," said Capt. Bland, "is the fact that all these lighthouse keepers swear their lights are on—not survivors to a man claim they was no light showin'."

Hjalmar Nilsson looked glum. "I don't understand it. I know most of these ships—they're not the flying kind; they're all trained light keepers."

"Another strange thing, er," Capt. Bland said, "this outfit seems to know in advance when a ship is carryin' a valuable cargo. Take the Belle Isle. She had \$50,000 in gold aboard; they got every cent. An' the Inopuila, with a hold full of her silver . . ."

"Well, something's got to be done," Hjalmar cut in. "We'll soon be on the rocks if this keeps up."

A messenger entered the office and handed Nilsson a telegram. He ripped open the envelope and read aloud:

HEARD ABOUT YOUR
WRECKS. HAVE THEORY. AR-
RIVING YOUR AIRPORT NINE
THIRTY. ERIC VALE.

"Haw-haw!" said Nilsson. "What's Eric Vale?"

"Never heard o' him."
"What's from . . . Good good! This was sent from Seattle only five hours ago! How's he going to get here by nine-thirty?"

Capt. Bland scratched his watch. "Eight-thirty-five now. Maybe he's got one o' them rocket ships I hear readin' about."

Bland wasn't far wrong. Eric Vale had startled the entire world by his feat of crime solution. A mere youth, he nevertheless was said to be the steadiest detective of all time. He operated from a remote island in the Pacific, where he had a strange laboratory provided over by several assistants, each an authority in some special field of crime detection. His plane was almost a rocket ship, built secretly from his own design.

Hjalmar Nilsson and Capt. Bland stood in the shadows of the airport's small waiting room and watched the dark night skies.

"There she is!" Capt. Bland pointed to a tiny speck of light that grew with startling rapidity in the black sky. A moment later a big, ray looking plane dipped, touched its wheels, and came racing down the runway. A tall man got out, came across the wind-swept pavement. He was dressed in white flying clothes and his goggles were pushed back over his helmet. He smiled when Nilsson and Bland stepped out to meet him.

"Mr. Nilsson?" he said.
"And you're Eric Vale, I 'spose?" Nilsson held out his hand. "Glad to meet you, young fellow!"

In the Blue Star office, Nilsson gave a brief picture of what was happening. Eric Vale listened. Then:

"You say the light keepers swear their lights are on, yet several survivors of wrecks claim they weren't?"

"That's it, son. The whole thing's

got us about dead. Think you can do anything?"

Eric Vale grinned. "I'm not promising, but I'll try. I have a theory."

"Fine!" said Nilsson. "When do you want to start?"

"Now," Eric returned. "You're getting trouble tonight?"

"Right, as you say!" said Capt. Bland. "The Navy Lee's coming in about midnight, with a hold full o' treasure gold."

Eric Vale got up. "All right, gentlemen," he said. "We'll make an inspection of the coast lighthouses, then we'll see what happens."

Two minutes later the dark ship had slipped from the Flying Dutch and with driving motors, crashed into the north. A storm was coming fast, rolling up huge waves that spent themselves in white foam on the rocky beach. The crew of the plane could see the intermittent flash of the Hawk Island light below them. Then flew over it in the worst light. He looked out the plane like a great eye. In all they saw seven lights working perfectly. Where would the crooks strike?

Flying out to sea, they at length caught a glimpse of the rising lights of a ship. The Navy Lee. She was heading for Hawk Island, and pitching like a cork. Without that light to guide her . . .

A short while later, a speeder came sped toward the Hawk Island light, her engines stalled. Five men, heavily armed, stood on the fore-deck peering into the dark. At last, "Hard over, ahead!" said the big man in white.

The craft came about, rolling. The anchor was let go, and a small power launch was lowered.

"We'll all go," said the big man, the leader. "They may have a reception committee waiting for us." He chuckled grimly. "We'll do 'em any good, though!"

The five figures piled into the launch and it cast off. It took them a half hour to land, because of the mountainous rollers. The pilot moved into a small cottage and in a moment the five of them had drawn their craft well up on the beach.

Far above them they made out the wall, darting flashes of the warning light. And a half dozen

when out to sea the riding lights of the Nancy Lee were visible through the mist.

"We'll wait till she's close then strike off," the leader said. "Then I'll go up and she'll see the lighthouse. The Nancy's position for her gun boat we ever wanted."

The graduate's evil crew had met on the beach. They were used to this grim work. They had been waiting for weeks now, and each of them had packed a fortune in money wealth. They waited, grimly waiting, anticipating another victim.

Then the leader got up. "It's time," he said, and disappeared in the fog toward the lighthouse. It was a simple matter for him to reach the lower door and climb the circular staircase to the light room. In fact was more a crack. He heard several men talking inside. Taking a small pistol from his pocket, he aimed it on the floor and drew his automatic. In less than a minute the men inside would be out, cold, from the paralyzing effects of the gas.

The noise ceased abruptly. There was a change as someone fell off a chair, then silence. The shadowy figure entered the room, cut the light, and hurried out, closing the door. After the ship reached, he would return and put the light on again, as he had always done. That's what had the bank authorities mystified!

Sudden confusion reigned aboard the Nancy Lee. The lighthouse had gone dark! The skipper shouted commands, and the big ship put about. But the lower ground swell caught her broadside, and she list was rapidly. Where they were they couldn't tell; the sea was pitch dark. Suddenly a cry rang out from the foredeck. The lookout had heard the crash of breakers. But it was too late. It happened so quickly that none of the crew was prepared. The ship struck a sharp snag, and a torrent of water poured into her. She lifted, teetered crazily, and charged into another mass of rocks. She began heeling over.

The men on shore watched, ready. None could live in those trying seas. There would be no survivors from this job! The leader of the Doom Syndicate snapped on his powerful light and swept the battered hull of the Nancy Lee. His men answered with a horrified cry.

"Bum! There's a million rats coming ashore!"

It was true. The hold of the doomed ship had been filled with huge rats, a common menace on many boats. They were abandoning ship purpose, making for

shore. They would be dangerous to everything that lived. A pack of starved rats can overwhelm any number of men, in short numbers.

The crew dashed for the lighthouse, just ahead of the first retreating rats. The last man to reach the lower door slammed it shut. They rushed upstairs. The lower door of the light room was locked. The graduate was trapped—trapped in a terrible trap!

In the great dawn, Eric Vale, his three assistants and a pack of dogs, pushed the graduate's motor launch against a low breakwater off Rock Island. The sea had calmed. Eric had spotted the gang's boat from the air shortly after the Nancy Lee had struck, lowering his auxiliary propeller, he had cut the plane down on the water and sent two of his men aboard; then they had rescued the crew of the wrecked ship. And, after picking up the score of deposits, they had returned to the lighthouse.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Capt. Black. "Why there's a million rats crawling over that light!"

"And your men are trapped inside," said Eric Vale. "Well, this is the time that rats come in handy. They captured the Doom Syndicate as effectively as any man could."

"But how'll we get the devil?" Nilborn wanted to know. "Those rats will beat us off—"

"There's just one way to do it," cut in Eric Vale. "Load a barge with a lot of meat and tow it out

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here. The rats will come for it, you can bet. Then spread gasoline over the barge and set fire to it... otherwise those rats will overrun the coast."

Eric Vale didn't wait to see the bank. With his clever crew of assistants, he took off in the great plane. Another corner of the world needed his help. And this time an even greater menace was to match wits with him!



SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

JEAN, WHO IS ONE OF THE FINEST CHARACTER ACTORS IN HOLLYWOOD, HAS BEEN UNDER CONTRACT FOR 25 YEARS. WHILE MOST STARS' POPULARITY SPAN IS AROUND 5 YEARS, HERSHOLT'S CAREER DATES BACK TO THE SILENT PICTURES!



Jean
Hersholt

BUT SHIRLEY, I'LL BUY YOU AN ICE CREAM CONE IF YOU'LL CONTRIBUTE \$500 TO THE RELIEF FUND...



ASIDE FROM HIS DUTIES AS PRESIDENT OF ONE OF THE ACTORS' RELIEF FUNDS, JEAN IS CONSTANTLY REMINDING MOVIE PEOPLE THAT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE...

JEAN HERSHOLT

MR. HERSHOLT WILL HAF TA READ FAST T DAY IF HE'S GOING TO READ A STORY TO EACH ONE OF US!



HERSHOLT'S COLLECTION OF ANDERSON'S FAIRY TALES IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST.

YOU'VE GOT A PHONE CALL, MR. HERSHOLT. BUT THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG, I SEEM TO HEAR FIVE VOICES AT ONCE!



HERSHOLT IS VERY FOND OF THE FAMOUS DIONNE QUINTUPLETS WITH WHOM HE HAS APPEARED ON THE SCREEN.



WIZARD WELLS, FOUNDER
 OF THE HOUSE OF FEAR,
 HAS BECOME A POPULAR AND
 SUCCESSFUL SHOWMAN.
 WELLS, WHO HAS BEEN
 DRIVEN "WILD" BY THE
 FACT THAT HE HAS BEEN
 STABBED INTO AN
 EXTENSIVE SACKET, THERE-
 BY GIVING THE ARTIST OF
 BLACK HORDA, BACKTIRE,
 AND THE FOUNDER OF
 PRETTY MARY, THE
 DAUGHTER OF ONE OF
 HORDA'S FATHERS.



IT WAS THROUGH HE WELLS
 THE WAY YOU MADE HORDA
 DROP HIS GUN, AND I DO
 WISH THAT MORE OF THE
 SHOPKEEPERS COULD HAVE
 BEEN YOU KICK HIM OUT
 INTO THE STREET.

A MARY
 DORRIS SHOP



JUST SEEMS IT, BUT
 HE OWE MY FEAR.
 OF HIM? THAT'S A
 STUPIDOUS
 IDEA, MISS-SS-MARY! IF
 THEY COULD SEE HORDA
 GROVELLING,
 THEY'D LOSE
 THEIR FEARS
 AND GO
 TO THE
 POLICE.



THE CLEVER THING TO DO IS
 TO SET THE STAGE, ARRANGE
 FOR OUR AUDIENCE OF SHOP-
 KEEPERS, AND THEN
 MAKE HORDA
 COME AFTER
 US!

YOU WILL
 BE CAREFUL,
 WON'T YOU?

HEY, LOOKIT!
 WELLS, HERE'S HORDA'S
 FAMOUS SOLID
 GOLD GUN! HE
 LEFT IT BEHIND!



HE KNEW GOLD! EXCEPT FOR
 THE BARRELS AND THE FINE
 MECHANISM. HUH, THAT OPENS
 UP AN INTERESTING FIELD OF
 SPECULATION... BY JOWE,
 I HAVE IT!



I WISH HE
 WEREN'T SO
 RECKLESS!

TO THE
 A.B.C. ELECTRIC
 COMPANY, TUE!

OKAY
 WIZ.



A FENCED HLOOD WITH A C
 MAGNET, AND A VARIABLE
 ALTERNATOR, WELL SEND
 THEM OUT AT
 ONCE, SR!

SPLENDID!



WHY YES, MR. WELLS, THE
 APARTMENT JUST BELOW YOUR
 RENT-HOUSE IS
 VACANT.

GOOD! I'LL
 RENT IT FOR ONE
 MONTH!

RENTAL OFFICE OF WELLS' APARTMENT











BOSS! IT'S A TRAP!

...AND A FENCE OF LIGHT BEAMS FORMS AROUND THE MONSTERS.



SAM! EET EES NOTHING BUT LIGHT! HE GO NOW!

YOU TRY IT FIRST, BOSS!



MORDA DASHES TOWARD THE BEAMS.



AND AS HE TOUCHES THEM!



HE IS NOT DEAD, ...MERELY INCAPACITATED, BUT I ADVISE AGAINST ANY MORE SUCH ATTEMPTS!



WELL, GENTLEMEN, WILL YOU TALK ...OR SHALL I GIVE YOU THE NEXT DEMONSTRATION?

NO-NO! I'LL TALK!

MORDA GOT US INTO THIS!



ALL RIGHT, MISS MARY, ...YOU MAY ESCORT YOUR FRIENDS FROM BEHIND THAT MIRROR!

HE MEANS, TROT 'EM OUT!



NOW, MY FRIENDS, ...ARE YOU STILL AFRAID OF THE FORMIDABLE MORDA?

ACH! NO!

THAT HE SHOULD LIVE SO LONG!

LET ME AT HIM!

THE ENRAGED STORE-KEEPER'S SWARM FROM BEHIND THE MIRROR



The *Black* CONDOR

by Kenneth Lewis



SOMEWHERE NORTH OF LAMA OVER THE BARREN WASTES THAT SLOPE INTO THE VALLEY OF THE SONAN RIVER THE KENT PARTY DRIVES ON TOWARD RAJ.....



FROM THE COMES IN THE SUR-ROUNDING CLIFFS. EVIL EYES FOLLOW THEIR PROGRESS.



TURN



SWARMING FROM THEIR HIDING DESERT BANDITS SWOOP DOWN ON THE PARTY.



THOUGH OUTNUMBERED THE KENT CARAVAN PROVES A MATCH FOR THE HOWLING BORDER BANDITS.



BUT MORE MEN POUR FROM THE HILLS AND THE PARTY IS MASSACRED.....



SUDDENLY WITH A SHOUT A NEW BAND APPEARS!



THUNDERING DOWN AND DRIVING AWAY THE FIRST ATTACKERS!



THEY ARE THE HORSEMEN OF ALI KAN... TO THE RESCUE!







YOU ARE MISTAKEN, AL KAN.
I HAVE BUT TO STEP FROM
THE SHADOWS!



YOUR BRAVERY IS MATCHED ONLY
BY YOUR FOOLHARDINESS!
WHAT DO YOU WANT
OF ME?



I HAD A LONG TALK WITH DENNY
OUT ON THE DESERT... I'VE
COME FOR ANDREA KENT!

YOU KNOW
TOO MUCH/SEIZE
HIM!!!



CLUMSY!



LIVE AN ARROW HE FLIES
TO THE CEILING!

FOOLS!
FOOLS!
BAH!



CUT THE CANDELABRA
DOWN.... HURRY.
HE'LL FLY OFF.



REALIZING HIS
GRAVE FIGHT,
THE BLACK
CONDOR AT-
TACKS

HERE,
PUT
YOUR
HEADS
TOGETHER!



BUT HE IS SOON OVERWHELMED!



HA HA HA! THE GREAT BLACK
CONDOR IS AFTER ALL JUST
A MAN... THROW HIM
INTO THE DUNGEONS!



I HAVE A NEW CAGE
FOR YOUR DARING
MAN-BIRD!



EVEN THE OTHER PRISONERS KNOW OF
THE BLACK CONDOR AND CALL FOR HIS
ASSISTANCE...



AND AS HE IS THROWN INTO
A CAGE, THEIR PITEOUS CRIES
STILL RING IN HIS EARS....



YOUR DEIGN OF
TERROR IS ENDED.
AND I'LL RID
THIS COUNTRY
OF YOUR POWER.



HA! YOU CURED
BRIVELY BUT
THE GREAT
BLACK CONDOR
IS NOW A
HELPLESS
CANARY!



TOMORROW
YOU'LL BE
SPORT
FOR MY
ARCHERS!



NOT ANGER GODS HIM AS
THE LAST CHIVERS OF KAN
AND HIS DEVILISH LAUGH-
TER RING DOWN THE LONG
CORRIDORS.



HE CRASHES AGAINST THE STEEL BARS
OF HIS CAGE, BUT IN VAIN.



JUST THEN HE
HEARS A LOW
SOUND, THE
CALL OF THE
GREAT CONDOR.



HE WHIRLS EXCITEDLY
AND IN THE TONGUE
OF GREAT BIRDS GIVES
HIS FEATHERED FRIEND
INSTRUCTIONS.



THE NEXT MORNING THE
BLACK CONDOR IS CARRIED IN HIS
CAGE TO A GREAT SQUARE.



AT A SIGNAL THE CAGE IS DRAWN
UP TO THE TOP OF A TALL POLE
BY A DOZEN SLAVES.



LISTEN TO MY ARCHERS
SHOUT/THEY GROW IM-
PATIENT FOR THE
GAME!

HA HA!



HOIST THE DOOR
AND LET THE
MAN-BIRD OUT!
THE FIRST TO
BRING HIM
DOWN WILL
RECEIVE 100
RUPEES!



BEFORE THE BARS ARE FULLY
RAISED THE BLACK CONDOR
SHOOT INTO SPACE WITH
THE SPEED OF LIGHT.

DEFTLY DODGING THE HAIL OF ARROWS HE IS PROTECTED BY A FLIGHT OF CONDORS.



THEN SUDDENLY SWOOPING DOWN TO THE SQUAD HE SEIZES A BOW AND OLIVER FROM A STARTLED ARCHER AND ZOOMS SKYWARD AGAIN.



NOW, ALI KAN, I'LL GIVE YOU A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! HE'LL KILL US ALL!



JUST A MOMENT, ALI KAN... WE'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE!



YOU LEFT ME AS SPORT FOR YOUR FRIENDS— THEREFORE, I SHALL RETURN THE COMPLIMENT!



LEAVING ALI SUSPENDED BY HIS PANTS ON THE VERY POST HE HAD SET UP, THE BLACK CONDOR FLIES OFF TO RESCUE ANDREA...



SHE'S LOCKED IN THIS TOWER!



ANDREA, COME WITH ME!



THIS MUST BE A DREAM! NO MAN CAN FLY LIKE A BIRD! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?



WE'RE GOING TO RAU PROVINCE

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED BY THE HEIGHT... YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE WITH ME.



AMAZING! THIS IS LIKE RIDING ON A MAGIC CARPET!

AS THE TWO SOAR OVER RAU, THEY SEE THE TROOPS OF ALI KAN SENT AHEAD TO INVADE THE CAPITAL.



I'LL TEND TO THEM! BUT FIRST—

I'VE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!





FLYING OVER THE CITY WALLS THE BLACK CONDOR WHIPS OUT HIS PARALYZING BLACK RAY GUN...



AND BRINGS IT INTO PLAY!!



SOON THE TERROR-STROKEN ATTACKERS ARE FLEEING TO THE FOUR WINDS...



NEXT DAY THE BLACK CONDOR IS SUMMONED TO THE PALACE



YOUR HIGHNESS THE PEOPLE REJOICE - THEY ARE TO HAVE ANDREA KENT FOR THEIR RULER!



I SEEK NOTHING MORE THAN TO SEE JUSTICE DONE FOR ALL... FAREWELL!



IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL THE BLACK CONDOR SOARS INTO THE SKIES AND VANISHES...



I RATHER WISH HE HADN'T LEFT SO SOON!



ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE OF THE BLACK CONDOR IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

Follow the exciting deeds of The Black Condor in the July issue of CRACK COMICS



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